

JOURNALS POSTED ON OCTOBER 9, 2016

Thank God for Ties That Bind



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HUNGARY

To my surprise, I don't have to wait until I arrive in Hungary, to meet Hungarians and experience the richness of relationships and Hungarian traditions.

I have been gifted and blessed with three new friends. I have only met two of them over the phone. But, if you heard us talking, you would never guess we have yet to meet face to face. Both women are extremely friendly and deeply connected to their heritage. Though they each love living in the US, they freely share with excitement and joy their Hungarian culture and history. We have made plans to finally meet and continue the conversation.

My third friend is such a delight; she loves speaking in Hungarian. In fact, the first time I met her was at her church where I had just shared that I would be going to Hungary as a missionary. She and her sister came up to greet me. Wouldn't you know, they greeted me in Hungarian! No, I didn't understand a word that was spoken, but, yes, I knew the language was Hungarian.... This is progress . . . small steps!

The Washington metropolitan area provided an extraordinary opportunity to worship in Hungarian on Good Friday. The congregation, Washingtoni Magyar Reformatus Egyhaz, meets regularly at Wesley Seminary, my alma mater. Even though I don't yet know the language, I knew the scripture reading was from the Gospel of Matthew, and I knew when the congregation prayed in unison, they were praying the Lords' prayer. Thank God for the ties that bind.